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A 'ragingly unrepentant faggot', a relationship anarchist, therian-for-therian and sapphic furfag. "I'm a skinny little rat-faced girl, an apex scav, with a bitey li'l critter living inside my head."

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(HOWL #001)

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EXPANDED & REVISED

Running with the Pack Relationship Anarchy, Therianthropy, & Collective Resistance in the Face of Fascism



A little howl into the void by Shimi

"Come, my friends, 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world."
Alfred Lorn Tennyson — *Ulysses*

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A Beneficent Geometry

(A poem for all my partners and metas)

I know we have grown by familiar faces at home.
We are a sum multiplied—never subtracted,
never divided, never carried over, never alone.
An equation of two plus one, plus me—and she,
resolving each number openly, transcending jealousy.

This formula confounds those who do not share,
or whose love does not shine as brightly.
I trace lines in the air to illuminate our newfound harmony:
“You see, *they* love *her*, and *she* loves *her*,
and *she* loves *me*—while she loves *all of us*, collectively, differently.”

And if this math flows outward, she will always return to her core.
We are a skip, then a dance—now a chorus of four.
We each form a part of a beneficent geometry,
and there's room for more, I am sure—we shall see.

May compersion find us all, as a brook finds the sea.
May the way we love our others become our lasting legacy.

4. Find And Make Rituals That Strengthen the Pack

Survival is not only about crisis—it is about joy, about the bonds we cultivate through time and ritual. A pack is not merely an emergency network; it is a place of celebration, a source of love, a reminder of why we resist isolation in the first place. Rituals help hold the pack together, creating moments of connection that are not tied to necessity, but to meaning. Regular check-ins—whether daily, weekly, or monthly—become an act of care, a way of affirming presence.

Shared meals take on sacred significance, reinforcing the knowledge that we are sustained not just by food, but by community. Seasonal gatherings, full moons, shared feasts—these mark time together, grounding the pack in a sense of continuity. And then, of course, there are Howl Nights.

A pack that howls together, survives together. There is power in the voice raised freely, in the sound that does not ask for permission to exist. To howl is to announce: we are here, we are together, we will not be silent.

A Pack Is Not a Temporary Thing

It is not a phase. It is not an experiment. It is not a momentary refuge before returning to the loneliness of the world. A pack is a way of life. It is a rejection of isolation, of the notion that survival is an individual burden. It is a model for something beyond capitalism, beyond hierarchy, beyond ownership. It is a declaration that we do not have to love alone, live alone, or fight alone.

And if we want our packs, our communities, our relationships to last, we must treat them not just as things of the present, but as things of the future—things that will endure long after we are gone.

We are not just resisting. We are building. We are creating something that will outlive us, something wilder, something freer, something that cannot be taken away. We are the pack. And we will survive together.

I love you. I love you all.

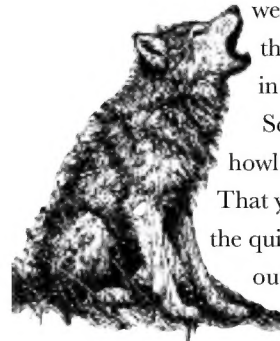
Howls Into the Void: A Call to Care, Community, & Kindness

These little howls into the void are not just calls to the lonely; they are signals, sent out into the dark, hoping to reach others who might be listening. They are small, songs, soft, sometimes informative, sometimes insistent, echoing into the unknown with the simple, radical belief that some creature out there needing to read this, will hear it. And if they do—if even one creature lifts their head in recognition, if even one soul feels less alone—then this has done its work.

Because at its heart, this is what it means to be part of something greater than ourselves. To reach out, even when we are unsure. To offer a moment of kindness, a shared warmth, a soft place to land. It is the belief that care is not just a personal act but a communal one. That to take care of ourselves, we must also take care of each other.

These little howls are an offering, an open paw extended in friendship. They remind us that our voices matter—not because they are loud, not because they demand attention, but because they are real, and because they carry the weight of something tender, something essential. In a world that often pushes us toward isolation, toward the belief that we must fend for ourselves, these small howls defy that logic. They insist: No. We are here. We are together. And we will take care of one another.

Care is not just a necessity—it is an act of rebellion. In a time when exhaustion is seen as a virtue, when kindness is treated as weakness, we choose instead to create spaces where gentleness thrives. We look out for each other. We build small sanctuaries in the midst of chaos. We make sure no one is left behind. So, if you are reading this, if you are listening, know that the howl is meant for you. It is a reminder that you are not alone. That you are part of something vast and full of love. That even in the quietest corners of the world, there are others—with outstretched, hearts open—waiting to welcome you home.



Running with the Pack Relationship Anarchy, Therianthropy, & Collective Resistance in the Face of Fascism



There's a whole ton of bullshit in the world right now. The rise of open fascism in the U.S.—not just lurking in the margins but spilling out into mainstream politics, courted and celebrated in the media—is enough to make me want to run into the woods and never come back.

To be fair, it doesn't take much to get me to do that, but I want to do it of my own volition, not because I'm forced to run again and again and again. A line must be drawn—*especially* when it involves literal-actual-saluting-Nazis.

But the question is: how do we live well? How do we thrive despite all this? And more than that, how do we build a life worth living, not just surviving, when the world is actively trying to cage, oppress, and

ensure that the foundation remains strong even as it expands.

This is why sustainability *matters*—*because too many packs burn bright and fast, only to disintegrate under the weight of unspoken expectations and emotional exhaustion*. Every member must contribute in a way that is mutually fulfilling, rather than exhausting a few members while others drift at the periphery. A pack cannot be built on the back of a single person's labor; it must be a collective effort, sustained by the strength of interdependence.

More than that, a pack must think beyond itself. If we are truly to build something that lasts, we must pass down what we have learned, mentoring younger radicals, younger therians, younger anarchists, ensuring that the knowledge we have fought for does not die with us.

The old world is built on amnesia—it erases, forgets, forces each generation to start from scratch. But we do not have to fall into that trap. We can ensure that our knowledge, our strategies, our ways of living and loving, are carried forward so that those who come after us do not have to fight the same battles alone.

3. A Sanctuary, Not a Prison

One of the greatest dangers in alternative relationship structures, communal living, and anarchic packs is the potential for unintentional harm. A pack should be a sanctuary, not a cage. It must offer freedom alongside commitment. People must be free to leave without fear of punishment or exile, without the threat of emotional or social retaliation.

Boundaries must be respected, autonomy upheld, and care given without coercion. If we are not vigilant, even the most radical spaces can become insular, suffocating, and cult-like. It is not enough to reject the systems of control imposed by the state—we must also refuse to recreate them among ourselves. *A pack should never demand loyalty at the expense of personal well-being, nor should it isolate its members from the broader world.* A pack is home, not a trap.

This is where values matter most. *Do we protect each other without controlling each other? Do we challenge harm without resorting to cruelty? Do we uplift one another without creating dependency?* If we cannot answer these questions honestly, then we're not ready to build something to last.

1, The Foundations of a Pack

A pack is built on more than just love. It requires trust, commitment, and practical systems that allow it to function without falling apart at the first sign of strain. Every long-lasting bond is supported by an underlying structure, even when that structure is fluid. The key to sustainability is not rigid rules but shared agreements, expectations that ensure accountability and care without resorting to hierarchy or control.

Within a pack, every member should know what it means to show up for one another. Does it mean daily check-ins? Physical presence? Emotional support? Do we share financial resources, pool housing, or create collective food networks? Do we establish crisis plans, knowing where we will turn when systems fail us, as they always do?

The survival of a pack depends on its ability to manage conflict and sustain itself without relying on the state. The prison-industrial complex, the legal system, and the capitalist notion of justice will never serve us; they exist only to reinforce existing hierarchies and uphold power.

When conflict arises within our communities, we cannot allow it to fester, nor can we resort to punitive models of control. Instead, we must create processes that allow for repair and growth—systems of accountability that do not replicate the carceral state, methods of mediation that prioritise healing over punishment.

To sustain the pack, we must cultivate emotional and material support: shared housing, resource pooling, skill-sharing, and mutual aid. Every pack has strengths that can be honed—some members may have medical knowledge, others may be skilled at cooking, logistics, mechanics, or defence. *A thriving pack is one that understands its own survival is tied to the contributions and well-being of each of its members.*

2. Growth, Intention, & Longevity

A pack is a living thing. It cannot remain static; it must be capable of growing and changing without fracturing. New members will come, and when they do, their integration must be intentional. Every addition to a pack shifts the dynamic, and care must be taken to

break us?

For those of us who reject hierarchy—be it in relationships, politics, or identity—there are threads we can weave together: relationship anarchy, anarchism, therianropy, collectivism, and mutual aid. These aren't separate things but different ways of describing the same instinct: the drive to resist control, to define our own lives, and to take care of our people without waiting for permission.

And when we bring these threads together, we create something stronger—a pack. A way of being in the world that refuses isolation, that refuses the state's messed-up idea of individualism, and that instead says: We have each other. Always.

Part 1: Against Ownership: What Relationship Anarchy Can Teach Us

How do we want to shape our relationships? Relationship anarchy (RA) is often framed as a way to do romance and intimacy outside of coercion. It throws away the idea that love has to follow predefined roles—dating, marriage, nesting, sexual exclusivity—and instead asks: What kind of relationship do we want to build together?

RA is about consent, autonomy, and interdependence—relationships that aren't owned or controlled but are formed through mutual agreement and care.

Andie Nordgren once wrote in the *RA Manifesto*: “Love is abundant, and every relationship is unique. Relationship anarchy questions the idea that love is a limited resource that can only be real if restricted to a couple.”

But this doesn't just apply to love, does it? It's a political stance too. The way we structure relationships mirrors the way we structure the world. In the same way that RA challenges hierarchy in relationships, anarchism challenges hierarchy in everything.

If we reject the idea that a partner should “own” us or that love must look a certain way, why should we accept that a boss should rule

our labour? That a government should control our bodies? That capitalism should dictate the terms of our survival?

RA is about more than just romantic or sexual relationships—it's a rejection of the idea that any connection should be dictated by external authority rather than the people within it. It asks us to rethink all bonds—friendships, chosen family, collective networks—to value them outside of capitalist definitions of productivity or worth.

It means recognising that care and commitment should never be measured by ownership or obligation but by choice and trust. It is an assertion that love, in all its forms, flourishes best when freed from the constraints of hierarchy and scarcity-driven thinking. But if relationship anarchy rejects imposed structures and embraces bonds based on shared desire and trust, what happens when we extend this further—beyond the confines of human identity itself?

This is where theriantropy and RA intersect, forming something even wilder: a way of loving, existing, and organising that recognises not just our autonomy, but our animal selves, our instincts, our pack.

Therians experience a deep identification with nonhuman animals—not as a metaphor, not as a play, but as something core to who we are. This isn't just about kink-play, aesthetics or spiritual symbolism; it's an intuitive, embodied understanding of what it means to belong to a species, to a pack, to a world that is more than human. And if we take that knowledge seriously, it fundamentally reshapes how we love and relate to each other—and other animals.

Capitalism, hierarchy, and the state demand that we suppress these instincts. They force us into rigid roles, treating relationships like transactions, friendships like networking, and family like property.

We are told that love, trust, and belonging must be earned, deserved, and ranked. But animals don't function like that. Wolves do not owe each other affection.

If we examine our deeply human tendency to anthropomorphise animal behaviour, we expose the absurdity of our existence:

Animals do not compete based on income within a pack. Dogs do not measure the worth of companionship in productivity. Bonds form through shared survival, mutual play, protection, and recognition—

are not alone. We are here, together, building something that cannot be controlled—something wild and free.

So we howl. We love. We care for one another. And in doing so, we create a world where kinship, not power, defines the way we live.

A world where love is not measured by contracts or ownership but by the choice to show up for one another. Where survival is not a solitary burden but a *shared* endeavour, strengthened by trust, by instinct, by the unshakable bonds we build outside the state's reach. *Together, we reclaim love, community, and care—not as commodities, but as our birthright. This is ours and we only have to take it.*

A Practical Toolkit for Building Anarchic and Polyamorous Packs

How do we Create a Pack in a World That Wants You Isolated? Love is not enough. Affection, desire, and shared ideology are not enough. If we want our relationships, our communities, our packs to last—to be something more than temporary refuges from a hostile world—we must be intentional in how we build them. A pack is not just an abstract ideal, nor a loose collection of individuals bound only by sentiment. It is a living, breathing structure, an interdependent survival unit, a chosen family that moves beyond the immediate moment and into something enduring.

If we want to create something strong, something that will not crumble at the first sign of hardship, we must approach the building of our packs with care and foresight.

We must ask ourselves truly difficult questions before crisis forces them upon us. How will we take care of each other when times are hard? What happens when someone loses their job, when sickness comes, when grief hits like a breaking wave? How do we resolve conflict without relying on state violence or capitalist coercion, without turning to the police or the courts to mediate disputes? How do we make sure no one is left behind—not just when it is convenient, not just when we feel strong, but always?

about replacing monogamy but about creating ethical, sustainable, and deeply fulfilling ways of loving in a world that too often tries to restrict what love can be.

Polyamory succeeds when it is understood not as an “alternative lifestyle,” but as a dynamic, evolving practice of love, connection, and shared resilience. It is not about rejecting stability—it is about building stability on our own terms, free from the confines of ownership, control, or obligation.

A successful polyamorous relationship doesn’t happen by accident. It is cultivated, nurtured, and maintained with care—not because it is fragile, but because all relationships require intention to thrive. In the end, polyamory is not about the number of partners, but about the depth, honesty, and sustainability of what we choose to form.

Finding Love, Kinship & The Pack

At its core, Relationship Anarchy and Theriantropy is a call to resist the systems that seek to isolate, control, and commodify our relationships.

It rejects the rigid structures imposed by capitalism, heteronormativity, and state authority, offering instead a vision of love and kinship rooted in autonomy, mutual aid, and deep, instinctual connection. Whether through relationship anarchy, polyamory, or therian pack dynamics, the message remains the same: love is not ownership, care is *not* a transaction, survival is *not* meant to be solitary.

Relationship Anarchy and Polyamory, here thrives not because it defies monogamy but because it *embraces abundance*—of love, of connection, of shared survival. When we love without hierarchy, we recognise that relationships are not defined by exclusivity but by the strength of our bonds. A polyamorous, anarchic relationship works when it is built on trust, transparency, and a commitment to each other’s well-being.

More than a guide to alternative relationships, this is a blueprint for *resistance*. It reminds us that *fascism and capitalism thrive on division*, on convincing us that we are alone, that we must fight for scraps. But we

through something instinctual and real.

Relationship Anarchy, when practised through a Therian lens, is not just about rejecting the state’s version of love—it is about reclaiming a wilder way of being together.

It means recognising that our bonds are not defined by paperwork or property, by rules or expectations, but by the way we show up for one another, and the way we move together through the world. It means rejecting human-centric, ownership-based models of care and instead building relationships the way animals do—through trust, play, mutual support and shared instincts.

This is why pack structures matter.

Not in the artificial, hierarchical, dominance-based rubbish that pop culture assigns to “packs,” but in the way *real* wild animals interact with each other in their environment: fluid, cooperative, adaptive. A pack does not mean control. It does not mean rank, it means a way of moving through the world on your own, with those who understand you, those who you would protect and be protected by. A pack is a relationship structure beyond capitalism. It is *definitionally* an anarchic survival unit, a family of choice and instinct.

And this is why *love itself is a form of resistance*. To love outside of control, to belong outside of ownership, to run together rather than alone—these are all acts of defiance against a system that wants us to be isolated, obedient, and afraid. RA, theriantropy, and anarchism all tell us the same thing: no one owns us, and no one dictates how we love. We’re strongest when we move together.

To love wildly, freely, instinctually, in defiance of every structure meant to domesticate us—that’s revolutionary—and the deeper and more anarchic we love, the more impossible we make it for them to maintain control over us— and we will prevail.



Part 2: Therianropy and the Power of the Pack

What happens when we stop seeing ourselves as "humans" in a capitalist meat grinder?

When we acknowledge that the way we love, live, and move through the world isn't just a "lifestyle" but something instinctive, that is animal, that is wild?

For us therians, creatures, cryptids, otherkin — whatever we call ourselves, there's no hard border between "human" and "animal." We recognise that something deeper calls us—something *preter-human*, something primal. And that knowledge shifts the way we see each other. This begs the question, what if we choose to live in a way that actively honours those instincts?

What if we built communities the way packs form—not based on contracts or property ownership but on those precepts of trust, play, and shared survival?

The capitalist state wants us atomised. It wants us to see every relationship as a transaction. It wants us to think survival is individual, that we have to fight each other for scraps. But the pack knows better.

Peter Kropotkin, in *Mutual Aid: A Factor of Evolution*, challenged the Social Darwinist bullshit of his time—the idea that nature was just competition and brutality. Instead, he wrote: "*Mutual aid is as much a law of nature as mutual struggle... Sociability is the greatest advantage in the struggle for life.*"

— and what is a pack or a pride or a warren—or any sustaining collective we therians choose to model our groupings on—if not the very manifestation of mutual aid in action? Wolves don't survive alone. They don't hoard resources as we do, they don't abandon their injured, and they don't waste energy fighting each in ways that destabilise the pack to the point of mutually assured destruction.

Evolution teaches us one thing again and again and again: adaptation and cooperation always find an equilibrium that favours keeping us alive, while isolation and competition weaken the whole.

If we take that lesson to heart—if we see therianropy as a political stance, a survival strategy, and a deeply instinctual truth—we

needs, desires, and dynamics of those involved.

Polyamory also acknowledges that no single relationship can—or should—provide everything. In contrast to traditional monogamy, which often assumes that one partner must fulfil every emotional, sexual, intellectual, and logistical need, polyamory distributes the weight of love and support across a broader network of chosen kin. This does not weaken love; it strengthens it, allowing each relationship to thrive without the unrealistic pressure of being someone's "everything."

3. As a Model for Communal Care

Polyamorous relationships work especially well in communal living and kinship networks, where multiple people share not just emotional intimacy but also practical support. In such models, love is expressed not solely through romance but through acts of care—cooking for one another, offering emotional support, sharing financial burdens, co-parenting, or simply showing up in the ways that matter.

This approach to love mirrors pack, pride, or warren-based social structures in the natural world, where relationships extend beyond pairs and into larger interconnected bonds. In nature, wolves do not rely on a single mate for survival; their strength comes from the cohesion of the pack. Likewise, in polyamorous and relationship anarchist networks, resilience is built through shared responsibility—through the understanding that survival and emotional fulfilment are collective, not individual pursuits.

This structure is not about having "more" love—it is about building love in a way that is sustainable, adaptable, and resistant to the isolating forces of capitalism and state control. It's about creating systems of mutual aid, care and devotion that do not rely on legal or institutional validation but thrive on trust, instinct, and commitment.

4. Sustainable, Intentional Love

Ultimately, a working polyamorous relationship is successful when it is built on intentional love—the kind that is freely given, continuously chosen, and adapted to the changing needs of those involved. It is not

choosing each other freely, continuously, and without coercion.

1. Foundation: Communication, Transparency, And Trust

A key aspect of a working polyamorous relationship is communication. Without it, jealousy, insecurity, and resentment take root. Healthy polyamory relies on open dialogue about boundaries, expectations, and emotional needs—not just during times of conflict, but as an ongoing practice. Partners check in regularly, discuss their feelings with honesty and vulnerability, and ensure that each person is supported in ways that feel meaningful to them.

Unlike the myths that frame polyamory as inherently unstable or chaotic, successful polycules are intentional structures—they do not function by accident or neglect. Instead, they are built on active, ongoing effort to understand, respect, and nurture one another's needs. A polyamorous relationship is not simply about having multiple partners—it is about creating a network of care that thrives on honesty, security, and deep trust.

2. Love Without Possession: Autonomy and Interdependence

Beyond communication, autonomy and trust are foundational. In polyamory, love is not about possession but about celebration—the recognition that each person is complete within themselves and chooses to share their life with others. There is no expectation that a partner must fulfil every need or role; instead, relationships form organically around different kinds of emotional, physical, and intellectual connections.

This rejects the scarcity mindset that underpins monogamous, possessive love. Some partners may be romantic, others deeply platonic, some sensual but non-sexual—each connection is valued on its own terms, without the need to rank or prioritise them in ways dictated by societal norms. What matters is not fitting into a predetermined mould but creating a structure that reflects the unique

realise that we don't just want survival. We want to thrive, to reclaim what was stolen from us, to build something beyond mere existence, something wild, something free.

I want to see a world where we all make it, to thrive. *Together.*

Part 3: Collectivism: The Pack as Economic & Political Model

Anarchism is simply the rejection of imposed authority. When you strip away all the government and media-curated propaganda, anarchism is just a refusal to be ruled. It's the insistence that power should come from the people, collectively, and *not* from a ruling class. And collectivism—when not watered down into some liberal bullshit—says: *We take care of each other. No one was left behind* — and means it.

In the face of rising fascism, this isn't just idealism. It's a foundational matter of survival.

We are currently witnessing the state actively try to erase, imprison, or kill those who don't fit into its rigid, white supremacist, capitalist mould. We queer, we trans, we disabled, we poor, we neurodivergent, we anarchists—we're all targets. And the worst thing we can do is just pretend that the system will save us—because it sure as hell won't.

Instead, it is *we* who have to be the safety net and we need to step up and work towards attainable goals for community resilience and reliance, these are, but are not necessarily restricted to:

1. **Housing collectives** where no one gets evicted because they lost a job.
2. **Food-sharing networks** where no one has to go hungry while billionaires hoard wealth.
3. **DIY medical networks** that don't ask for insurance before helping.
4. **Community defence** where we protect each other from cops, landlords, and violent reactionaries.

This isn't about kindness, it's about survival. Deleuze and Guattari wrote in *A Thousand Plateaus*, “*We make war only on the war machine.*”

And there's the rub, *the state is a war machine*—and its endless war is against the people — those of us it deems disposable. The only way to fight back is by building something outside of it.

Part 4: Living Robustly in the Face of Fascism

So how do we thrive in a world that seeks to erase us, control us, break us down, or force us into submission? How do we carve out space to be wild, free, untamed—to love without ownership, to exist without permission, to fight without apology?

We are not meant to survive in the systems that cage us. We are not meant to shrink ourselves to fit into structures built on oppression, hierarchy, and control. So we must create something else. Some ideas:

1. **Build Your Pack.** Find the ones who see you, who feel like home, who accept your wildness, your queerness, your love, your rage. Pack is not just about blood; it's about choice, trust, and shared survival. Love them fiercely. Protect them relentlessly.
2. **Dismantle Ownership, Embrace Care.** Whether it's love, resources, or labour— try and discard thinking in terms of 'mine' and 'yours' and start thinking in terms of ours. No hierarchy. No hoarding. Just mutual trust, mutual aid, and mutual survival.
3. **Create Outside the State.** The government will not save us. The police will not protect us. The system does not care whether we live or die—so we must build our own safety nets, our own communities, our own survival structures. The more we rely on each other, the less power they have over us.
4. **Refuse to Be Tamed.** They want you quiet. They want you compliant. They want you to be afraid. Don't give them that. Love loudly. Live radically. Take up space. Be ungovernable. Be a big noisy problem.
5. **Howl.** Howl for yourself. Howl for your pack. Howl for those who came before you, and for those who will follow. Let the world know that you are here, that you will not be erased, that you will never submit.

expectations by reminding us that love is not just about the mind—it is about the body, the breath, the way we move together in the world. The way a pack moves as one, even when scattered across distances, sensing the presence of kin without the need for constant affirmation. The way a warren finds safety in closeness, in the steady rhythm of heartbeats pressed together beneath the earth. The way a pride does not ask for permission to love widely, to care expansively, to trust in bonds that are both fierce and fluid.

To love as creatures love is to reject the rigid structures imposed upon us, to say that love does not need to be domesticated to be real. It is to recognise that attachment does not have to mean possession, that freedom does not have to mean isolation. It is to understand that love can be playful, bodily, instinctive, something expressed in the press of a forehead, the graze of teeth, the way two bodies know when to run and when to rest.

By rejecting the need to define relationships through ownership, by embracing play, touch, movement, and instinct, we create a love that is feral, fluid, and deeply free. A love that is not measured by permanence but by presence, by the ability to meet each other fully in the moment, without fear of what must come next. A love that shifts and grows as we do, unshackled by expectation, shaped only by what feels true. This is not love as dictated by the state. This is not love shaped by rules meant to cage us. This is love that moves like water, like wind, like the howl that carries across the night—a sound that is not asking, but declaring: We are here, together and unbound.

Choosing A Sustainable Practice

A successful polyamorous relationship does not function as a deviation from monogamy but as an intentional structure built on mutual care, communication, and respect for autonomy. At its best, polyamory allows for deeper emotional honesty, a broader support network, and a love that is not constrained by ownership but nurtured through choice. It is not about rejecting commitment but about redefining what commitment looks like—

be controlled.

To love, truly love, outside of the structures imposed on us is to carve out a new world inside the old one. It is to practice faith in each other, in the bond, in the knowledge that we will not abandon one another.

Our love is not small. It is as vast as the night sky, as endless as the running of wolves, as sacred as the first breath of dawn. And it will not be tamed.

Therian & Human Pack Behaviours

Even when we reject hierarchy, we do not reject the pack. A pack is not about control or dominance—it is about shared survival, a way of existing that is interdependent, trusting, and deeply felt.

In polyamorous and anarchic communities, pack behaviours manifest in ways that traditional relationships often neglect:

- **Communal sleeping**—The act of simply resting together, feeling safe in a pile of warmth and familiarity, is one of the oldest and most instinctual forms of bonding. It is a reminder that we are never alone.
- **Grooming and caretaking**—From hair-brushing to massages to casual, absent-minded touches, these small physical acts reinforce a sense of belonging.
- **Vocal calls and check-ins**—Whether it's a literal howl, a whispered reassurance, or an instinctive noise shared only between partners, these acts echo the way animals affirm connection across distance.

For many of us, relationship anarchy is not about detachment—it is about trust without restriction, autonomy without loneliness. It is not an escape from connection, but a return to it, a reclamation of something primal, something that has existed long before love was turned into a transaction. It is the understanding that bonds do not need to be reinforced by obligation or law to be real. Instead, they are made strong by choice—by the continual, instinctual, and freely given act of showing up for one another, again and again.

Our Therian relationships challenge the human world's

Because the truth is, fascism thrives on isolation. It feeds on fear, on disconnection, on breaking people down until they believe they are alone. But we are never alone.

I will deal with this in detail a little later on in this zine.

Part 5: Defying Isolation: Love, Survival, & the Power of the Pack

At its core, this is about resisting isolation. Fascism and capitalism both thrive by convincing us that we're alone, and that survival is a personal burden rather than a shared responsibility. The state conditions us to think in individualistic, competitive terms, making us believe that love is scarce, that resources are limited, and that safety can only be bought or granted by authority. But that's a lie. When we embrace relationship anarchy, mutual aid, and collectivism, we reject that scarcity mindset, instead embracing abundance, autonomy, and trust.

A pack is not a contract. It's not a business transaction, it's an agreement, an instinct, a commitment to each other's survival and thriving. It is not just about romance or community—it's about a way of living that refuses the artificial divisions imposed by the state and by ourselves. When we live as a pack, we practice resistance in real-time. We refuse the atomisation that capitalism demands. We defend each other not just against physical threats, but against despair, alienation, and the slow, grinding erosion of our will to live freely.

By choosing love, loyalty, and care outside of state control, we become ungovernable. In a world that wants us broken, that's an act of revolution.

Some Thoughts On Living As A Pack

To love wildly, freely, and instinctually—in defiance of every structure designed to domesticate us—is an act of revolution. It is a refusal to be tamed, a declaration that our bonds will never be dictated by control, fear, or scarcity.

The deeper we love, the more impossible it becomes for them to

win. Fascism, capitalism, and the state all thrive on isolation, feeding on our disconnection, our fear, and the slow erosion of our wildness. They want us to believe we are alone.

But we are never alone.

We are the pack, bound not by ownership or hierarchy, but by trust, instinct, and the refusal to be caged. We choose each other. We protect, nourish, and uplift each other.

And together, we are unstoppable.

So let's live like it. Let's howl, love, and fight like the filthy, degenerate creatures we are — unashamed, untamed, and unwilling to bow. Let's tear down every cage they try to build around us, sink our teeth into the hands that try to leash us, and run together, not just to survive, but to thrive on our own terms. Let's embrace our wildness, our queerness, our defiance, and refuse to be anything less than feral, free, and fearsome.

EXPANDED SECTIONS

Why I Expanded This Zine:

Finding My Voice in the Howl

This expanded edition of "Running with the Pack" is more than just an update—it is a reflection of my personal growth, not only as a writer and as a poet and the thinking that feeds both, but as a Therian and Relationship Anarchist.

When I first started writing zines, I saw them as ephemeral things: quick, raw howls into the void, scraps of thought stitched together in urgency. But as I wrote more, as I engaged more deeply with these ideas, I began to see that this work could be something bigger. It could be a sustained conversation, a body of knowledge, a kind of living manifesto for those of us seeking a way of loving and living that defies what we've been told is possible.

I expanded this zine because I needed to. Because every time I put words on the page, I found that there was more to say. Each section

Rituals of seasonality—whether it is the return of spring, the first snowfall, or the longest night of the year—remind us that time is not a thing to be conquered. It is a thing to be lived.

- **The first flowers pushing up from the frost** are a call to stretch, to breathe, to shake off dormancy and move again.
- **The heat of summer** is a time for movement, for wildness, for feasting and revelling in abundance.
- **The crisp bite of autumn air** is a reminder to gather, to prepare, to strengthen our bonds before the cold.
- **The deep silence of winter** is an invitation to rest, to mourn, to honour both survival and loss.

Therian and anarchic communities create their own ways of marking time. Some howl at the full moon, honouring its pull on their bodies and emotions. Others light fires on the solstices, marking the shift of the world toward darkness or light. Some gather to share food at the change of a season, honouring the bounty of the earth, the migration of creatures, the whisper of something ancient in the wind.

These rituals do not serve an institution. They do not ask for recognition. They exist because we are creatures of this earth, and to move *with* it rather than *against* it is an act of survival and reverence.

Time belongs to no one. But we belong to time, and to each other.

Love and Survival as Holy Acts

To love freely is a sacred defiance in a world that demands we make ourselves small, that we conform, that we give our love only where it is restricted and controlled and sanctioned. To choose pack, warren, flock, or pride is to choose a way of life that rejects capitalism's individualism.

All this is to say:

- I will not let the world make me believe I must stand alone.
- I will not reduce love to ownership, to rules, to scarcity.
- I will love with abundance, with wildness, with devotion unchained.

And **this is why the state fears polyamory**. This is why capitalism fears communal survival and why queerness, chosen family, and non-hierarchical love are treated as threats — because we refuse to

feed each other, in the way wolves return from the hunt and regurgitate food for the young, in the way birds bring offerings to their mates, in the way rabbits huddle close as they nibble from the same gathered greens.

The breaking of bread is an old ritual. It says: I have hunted, I have gathered, I have made this, and I share it with you because you are kin. It is an act of care and resistance, because in a world that seeks to keep us isolated, to share sustenance is to say:

- I will ensure you are fed. I will ensure you survive.
- I see you, I acknowledge your hunger, and I answer it.
- I do not measure your worth by what you can provide in return.

In anarchic and polyamorous circles, shared meals become a centre of gravity, a ritual that does not ask for permission to exist. They are a rebellion against scarcity culture, a reminder that food is meant to be abundant, communal, and freely given. Cooking for a lover, bringing stolen fruit to a gathering, pulling together scraps to make something warm on a cold night—these are all forms of devotion.

A feast does not need wealth. A shared meal does not need ceremony. What makes it sacred is the act of offering, of receiving, of knowing that for this moment, at least, no one eats alone.

Honouring the Seasons and the Rhythms of the Wild

Nature does not adhere to human calendars, to workweeks, to schedules designed for profit. It moves in cycles, in shifts, in the turning of the moon and the lengthening of nights. To mark these changes is to acknowledge that we, too, are part of something larger.

The capitalist world tells us that time is something to be controlled, scheduled, owned. It turns the seasons into an inconvenience—something to be battled with artificial light, climate-controlled offices, and work deadlines that do not care for the ebb and flow of the natural world. But our bodies know better. Our instincts know better.

deepened into something richer—not just for others, but for myself. Writing this edition forced me to interrogate my own beliefs, to ask myself harder questions about love, community, and survival. It pushed me to be clearer, bolder, more unafraid in my articulation of these ideas. And in doing so, I became more confident—not just as a writer, but as a participant in the world I am trying to build.

Writing as an Act of Defiance, Zine-Making as an Art Form

Zines are a strange, wonderful medium—somewhere between personal manifesto, cultural critique, and community storytelling. They exist outside the sanitised expectations of mainstream publishing; they are imperfect, raw, and unfiltered. They embrace urgency over polish, passion over precision, and that is what makes them powerful. They are a way of speaking directly to others without the mediation of corporate oversight, academic gatekeeping, or capitalist metrics of success.

Expanding this zine has been an act of remembering zine-making is an art form in its own right. Not just a method of distributing information, but a way of crafting something that is both deeply personal and inherently political. This isn't just a rant on paper—it's a ritual, an invocation and statement, a documentation of ideas that are evolving even as I write them. In this expansion, I allowed myself to go further than before. I let the ideas breathe, let them take on a rhythm and depth that I might have once been too afraid to explore fully. The sections on myth, ritual, and the sacredness of wild love were written with the understanding that these things matter—that spirituality, that story, that symbols of resistance shape how we see the world.

The expanded discussions on emotional labor, interdependence, and the sustainability of anarchic relationships reflect my own deepening understanding of what it takes to make these ideas real, to not just imagine a different way of living, but actually *live* it.

The Confidence to Keep Howling

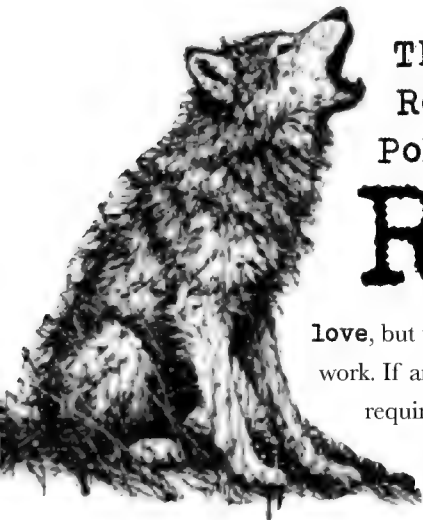
Writing this expanded edition was a challenge, but it was also a declaration: I am here, I have something to say, and I am going to say it as loudly as I need to. There is a vulnerability in putting this out into the world, but there is also power in refusing to shrink.

Zine-making has given me a way to speak without asking for permission. It has taught me that I do not need to wait until my writing is “perfect” or “polished” or “validated” by institutions that were never built for creatures like me. My voice is valid because it is mine, because it carries the weight of my experiences, my rage, my love, my desire for something better.

And so, I expand this work not to make it more professional, not to make it more marketable—but to make it more true. To give it the space it deserves.

To let it breathe, to let it howl, to let it run wild.

If this zine finds you—if you lift your head and recognise something in these pages—then it has done its work. And if you, too, feel called to add your voice to the chorus, to write, to howl, to push your ideas further than before, then I hope this expanded edition reminds you: You do not need permission. You do not need to be small. Take up space. Above all, keep howling.



The Emotional Work of Relationship Anarchy & Polyamory

Relationship anarchy and polyamory offer radical alternatives to hierarchical, ownership-based models of love, but they do not remove the need for emotional work. If anything, these approaches to connection require deeper self-awareness, communication, and emotional accountability than

We are here. We are together. We will not be silent.

It is not about mimicry or performance but about connection—a recognition of kinship, an honouring of presence. A howl can be an act of mourning, celebration, defiance, or affirmation, and in every case, it is a reminder that we are not alone. It carries across distance, across time, threading the voices of those who have come before us with those who will follow.

A howl can be a rallying cry, a call to return home, or a lament for what has been lost. It can split the silence of oppression, shatter the expectation of quiet compliance.

It is a way of refusing erasure, a sound that does not ask for permission to exist.

To howl is to acknowledge something primal in us that will not be civilised out, will not be forced into the domesticated expectations of the human world. It is the refusal to be made small, to be cut off from our instincts. It is the sound of the untamed, of those who choose kinship over isolation, who choose to lift their voices rather than swallow their grief.

And when we howl together, our voices overlapping and intertwining in the night air, we are reminded that no matter how scattered we may feel, the pack is real, the bond is unbroken, and the call will always be answered.

Shared Feasts and Communal Nourishment

Shared meals are sacred. This is an idea in opposition to the capitalist expectation that food is an individual commodity, something bought, hoarded, and consumed in isolation. To eat together is to reject the notion that survival is a competition. It is a way of saying: we are not alone, we will sustain one another, we will not let the world starve us of connection.

Cooking and eating together reinforce bonds that cannot be defined by paper or law. They are not transactions, not obligations—they are acts of chosen kinship, of mutual survival, of trust. There is something instinctive in this, something primal in the way creatures

spent curled up in warmth and trust, the quiet reaffirmation of a bond not bound by law but by something older, something instinctual.

It is the rhythm of feet pounding against the earth in a run, side by side, muscle and breath moving as one. It is the reaching out of a hand to a pack-mate, the press of foreheads together, the unspoken knowing that no one is alone. It is the rituals of touch, of scent, of song—things older than human speech, things carried deep in the marrow.

It is the rejection of a world that would make us believe we must stand alone. It is the choosing, again and again, to belong to one another, to return to one another, to build something sacred in defiance of a system that denies the holiness of connection.

These rituals do not need altars or officiants. They do not ask for validation from institutions that do not understand them. They are ours, they are real, and they endure.

Howl Nights and the Affirmation of the Pack

To howl together is to acknowledge a bond beyond words. It is an act that reaches into something older than language, a ritual that speaks to the bones.

In therian packs, a shared howl is a declaration:



traditional relationship structures. Love without control is not love without care, and autonomy does not mean emotional isolation.

But while relationship anarchy rejects the idea that love must be restricted or ranked, it does not erase human emotions like jealousy, insecurity, or the desire for reassurance. The difference is in how we engage with these feelings—not as signs of failure, but as opportunities for growth, trust-building, and deeper understanding of ourselves and our partners.

Recognising and Deconstructing Jealousy

In traditional relationships, jealousy is often treated as either a red flag (a warning that something is wrong) or a romantic proof (a sign of love and devotion). But in reality, jealousy is not an enemy or a proof of anything—it's an indicator. It is the body's way of signalling a deeper need, fear, or insecurity that requires attention.

Instead of suppressing jealousy or feeling ashamed of it, relationship anarchy encourages engagement with it. Ask:

- **What am I actually afraid of?** (Abandonment? Being replaced? A lack of control?)
- **Is this feeling based on reality**, or on past wounds and internalised narratives?
- **What would help me feel safe, supported, and valued?**

By reframing jealousy as an emotional signal rather than a moral failing, we can address its root cause rather than trying to control our partners' behaviour to prevent it.

For example, if someone feels jealous when their partner is with someone else, it might not be about the other person at all—it might be about fearing a loss of significance, feeling unappreciated, or needing more affirmation. Instead of demanding exclusivity or reassurance through control, we can ask: What kind of support, words, or acts of care would actually help me feel secure in this relationship?

Communication as a Mutual Responsibility

One of the biggest misconceptions about polyamory and relationship anarchy is that they remove responsibility between partners. In reality, these relationships require deep, ongoing communication because there is no default script to follow. Each relationship must be intentionally crafted. Some core practices for emotionally sustainable RA/poly relationships include:

- **Explicit, ongoing check-ins** not just when there's conflict, but regularly, to prevent small issues from growing into resentment.
- **Discussing boundaries and expectations** without assumptions making space for each person to express their needs without defaulting to pre-existing relationship roles.
- **Giving space for emotions without punishment**—allowing partners to express fear, insecurity, or discomfort without reacting defensively or shutting down conversation.

This work is not about controlling outcomes but co-creating a space where emotions can be handled with care rather than suppression or avoidance.

Emotional Interdependence, Not Codependence

Relationship anarchy values autonomy, but not isolation. There is a balance between being self-sufficient and recognising that humans are social creatures who need care, reassurance, and connection. The challenge is to cultivate interdependence—a state where partners support one another without relying on control, obligation, or self-sacrifice: *Interdependence* means, Asking for what we need rather than expecting partners to intuitively “just know. It also means Offering support freely rather than out of duty or expectation.

- Holding space for multiple relationships to coexist without diminishing any one of them.

It recognises that we need care, affirmation, and security, but that

To howl is to say *I am here, and I am not afraid*. I call to you across the distance, knowing that you will answer. I do not belong to the world that seeks to tame me, I belong to those who run beside me. To love as the wolf loves is to create something wilder, something freer, something rooted not in control, but in trust. It is to say: *I have found you. I have chosen you. And I will not let you be lost*.

This is the sacred nature of the pack—a bond that cannot be defined by human laws, a love that does not ask to be understood by the world of men. It is something older, something truer, something that will outlast the cages built to contain it.

And when the world grows quiet, when the night stretches long and the winds shift, we will lift our voices together and let them carry. Because to be pack is to belong. Because to howl is to remember. Because to love as the wolf loves is to say, with every breath: *You are not alone*.

Ritual and the Strengthening of Anarchic Bonds

There is power in ritual, in the things we return to again and again, the things that remind us of who we are. Rituals are how we mark time, how we make sense of the vast, untamed world. They are the firelight that flickers in the dark, the rhythm that binds a pack together, the silent agreements that say: this is what matters, this is what is sacred, this is what we will not let be taken from us.

While state and religious institutions impose rituals of control marriages signed on paper, births and deaths recorded by the government, ceremonies that serve bureaucracy rather than spirit—therians, anarchists, and lovers outside the system create rituals of liberation. These are not rituals of obedience, not rituals that demand we submit to an external power, but rituals that remind us of our own power, our own belonging, our own wild and chosen kinships.

A ritual of liberation is a howl in the night, a collective breath taken before the hunt, a meal shared not because it is expected but because it is needed. It is the act of waking together after a night

living, breathing collective will that moves as one.

Instinctual Love: The Sacred Act of Choosing Each Other

To love as the wolf loves is to choose with intention, not with obligation. There is no false permanence, no forced loyalty, no relationships that exist out of duty rather than desire. Every moment together is a reaffirmation: I am here. You are here. We belong to each other in this moment, and that is enough.

Wolves do not form relationships out of hierarchy. They do not claim ownership over one another. They do not demand submission as a condition for care. Instead, they move together, fluid and free, bound not by force, but by a love that's instinctual, undeniable, real.

In a world where love is too often shaped by capitalism—by contracts, by marriage licenses, by property and inheritance laws—the way of the wolf reminds us that love does not need to be proven, earned, or contained. It is not a thing that can be measured or sold.

To love like the wolf is to love without fear, without scarcity, without the need for possession. It is to trust that we will return to each other because we choose to, not because we are bound by rules that tell us we must.

The Howl As An Open Declaration

Wolves do not ask permission to exist. Wolves do not ask permission to exist. They do not silence themselves for the comfort of others. When they howl, it is a declaration of presence, a call that carries across the wilderness, saying: *We are here. We are together. We will not be silent.*

For those of us who feel the call of the wild in our bones, who know the ache of longing for a kind of connection that defies the boundaries of the human world, the howl is not just a sound—it is a ritual, a promise, an act of defiance against a world that would have us be quiet, be small, be alone.

these needs should be met through consensual and mutual effort, not through emotional debt or obligation. True interdependence is not about keeping score, nor is it about sacrificing the self to meet the demands of another. It is about choosing, again and again, to show up for each other—not because we must, but because we want to.

Emotional interdependence means trusting that love does not need to be rationed, that affection and support do not need to be extracted through guilt, coercion, or fear of abandonment. It asks us to reject scarcity-based thinking, to understand that relationships are not a negotiation where needs must be bargained for or repaid in equal measure. Love is not currency. Care is not a transaction.

This does not mean ignoring boundaries or disregarding one's own needs—it means recognising that mutual support thrives when freely given, not when demanded. It means cultivating relationships where individuals can lean on each other without fear of being a burden, where asking for help is not seen as a weakness, and where giving care is an act of joy, not obligation.

It is the difference between “I am nothing without you” and “I am whole, and I choose to share my wholeness with you.” It is the understanding that strength does not come from isolation, but from the knowledge that we are not alone—and that we do not have to be. It recognises that we need care, affirmation, and security, but that these needs should be met through consensual and mutual effort, not through emotional debt or obligation. True interdependence is not about keeping score, nor is it about sacrificing the self to meet the demands of another. It is about choosing, again and again, to show up for each other—not because we must, but because we want to.

Love Without Ownership

Navigating polyamory and relationship anarchy requires patience. It *also* requires honesty, and a willingness to confront discomfort rather than avoid it. It is not a static state of being, but a practice—a way of relating that is constantly evolving, shaped by the shifting needs, desires, and experiences of those involved. There is no single moment

where the work is “done,” no point where everything is settled and secure. Instead, it is a process of learning, growing, and adjusting.

For many, the appeal of traditional relationship structures is their illusion of stability—the belief that once roles are established, once commitments are formalised, there is a guarantee of permanence. Relationship anarchy rejects this illusion not in favour of instability, but in favour of authenticity, adaptability, and presence. It acknowledges that relationships, like people, change over time, and that love is not strengthened by rigid structure, but by the ability to move with one another through the inevitable shifts of life.

This means being willing to engage in hard conversations—not just when conflict arises, but proactively, continuously. It means recognising when patterns of behaviour need to shift, when boundaries need to be reaffirmed, when desires and needs are evolving in ways that require adjustment. Avoiding these conversations in favour of comfort or complacency leads to stagnation, resentment, and disconnection. To truly commit to polyamory or relationship anarchy is to commit not just to love itself, but to the practices that sustain it.

The Rituals of Connection

What sustains a relationship is not a contract, a label, or an expectation—it is the rituals of connection that are practiced and maintained over time.

These rituals do not need to be formal, nor do they need to be identical across relationships, but they do need to be intentional. They are the touch-points that reaffirm bonds, that remind us of our care for one another, that keep relationships alive through active engagement rather than passive assumption.

In the context of relationship anarchy and polyamory, these rituals might include:

1. **Regular emotional check-ins**, where each person has the space to share what they need, what is working, and what might need adjustment.

To be raised by wolves, to be shaped by the pack, is to reject the idea that care is something that must be earned, that survival is a personal burden rather than a shared responsibility. It is to know that bonds are forged not through obligation but through trust, through presence, through the simple and undeniable act of showing up. It is to understand that love is not currency, but lifeblood. That a world without hierarchy does not mean a world without order—it means a world where kinship is built on something older, something wilder, something deeper than law.

Wolves do not ask for permission to belong; they *know* they do. To embrace the wolf's way is to claim that same certainty—to move through life with an unshaken sense of who we are, who our kin are, and what we will fight to protect.

To Be Part Of A Pack Is to Belong To Something Greater Than Us

The modern world forces isolation upon us. It tells us to stand on our own, to be self-sufficient, to measure our worth by what we produce, to see others as competition rather than kin.

It erases the fundamental truth that we are creatures who thrive in connection, who need each other in ways that cannot be quantified or rationalised. A pack is a refusal. It is the choice to create bonds not out of necessity, but out of love, out of the deep and knowing recognition that we are not meant to move through this world alone. To be part of a pack is:

- **To watch over each other in the night**, ensuring no one is left vulnerable.
- **To share resources**, not out of charity, but because there is no survival that does not belong to all of us.
- **To recognise that strength is not a solitary thing**. A single wolf may be powerful, but a pack is unstoppable.

The pack does not abandon. The pack does not cast out the old, the weak, the wounded. Wolves care for their injured, nurture their young, mourn their dead. The pack is an organism, an agreement, a

in their many forms, teach us that we do not need the state, do not need marriage contracts, do not need to force each other into cages of expectation—we need only the trust, the instinct, and the bonds that keep us whole.

They show us that there has always been another way to live, another way to love, another way to belong—one that is not imposed by law but felt in the marrow, in the wild heart beating beneath skin.

A wolf is not a solitary creature. The lone wolf, despite its romanticised image, is an aberration, a being in mourning, a hunter struggling against the inevitability of its own nature. To be wolf is to be pack, and to be pack is to belong. There is no shame in dependence, no shame in trust, no shame in the need to be held in the presence of others. The pack is a rejection of the modern world's obsession with individualism, with the lie that survival is a solitary act.

To love as the wolf loves is to reject the isolation and estrangement with the self that is such an unchallenged part of modernity. It is to say: I do not survive alone. I do not hunt alone. I do not live alone. The pack is family, not by blood, but by choice, by instinct, by the sacred act of looking into another's eyes and knowing: *I will not leave you behind.*

The Mythic Power of the Pack

In the old stories, humans who ran with wolves were seen as powerful, as different, as something beyond civilisations reach. From Lycaon, a king cursed to become a wolf for defying the gods, to shapeshifters of countless indigenous myths, the wolf was never *just* an animal—it was *a state of being*, a way of moving through the world with wildness intact.

Even in Rome, where the state sought to tame the wilderness and bend the land to its will, the myth of Romulus and Remus carried the whisper of something untamed. Two infants, abandoned, left to die, were saved not by kings, not by the gods of empire, but by a wolf—a mother whose love was instinct, whose milk gave them strength, whose protection allowed them to become legend.

2. **Acts of intentional care**, whether that means physical affection, words of affirmation, shared experiences, or support in times of stress.
3. **Acknowledgment of transitions**, such as changes in relationship dynamics, new partners, shifting life circumstances, or evolving boundaries.

Without these practices, even the most well-intentioned relationships can become unmoored, taken for granted, or assumed to be unchanging when every relationship requires active tending. When love is practiced with presence, intention, and care, it doesn't need to be held in place by control—it's held in place by mutual choice.

The Freedom to Choose Each Other

One of the most radical aspects of relationship anarchy is its rejection of ownership-based love. It does not seek to bind people together through obligation, nor does it assume that love must be proven through sacrifice or exclusivity. Instead, it insists on a different kind of strength—one rooted in freedom, autonomy, and the continual, conscious choice to be in each other's lives.

This can be both liberating and terrifying. Without the conventional assurances of permanence, without the societal scripts that tell us what love is “supposed” to look like, we must ask ourselves difficult questions, such as what does it mean to be chosen—not out of duty, but out of desire? How do we build trust when control is not an option? And, what makes a relationship meaningful when longevity is not its only measure of success?

The answer to these lies in trusting in the resilience of the relationships we build together. It means releasing the fear that love must be secured by constraint and instead embracing the knowledge that it is made stronger by freedom, intention, and care.

This is not to say that challenges won't arise. There will be moments of insecurity, moments of doubt, where the absence of traditional relationship structures feels daunting. But the work of relationship anarchy is not about eliminating discomfort—it's about

learning to move through it, communicate through it, and to strengthen relationships not by suppressing fear, but by deepening our individual and communal trust.

Choosing To Always Love Again

Love is not made stronger through control, but through choice again and again to show up, to care, and to trust in the resilience of the relationships we build together.

This choice is not a one-time event. It is not something decided at the beginning of a relationship and then taken for granted. It is made in every shared moment, in every conversation, in every act of care, in every affirmation of commitment that exists outside of coercion.

To love in this way is to embrace the fluidity of relationships, the reality that they will shift and change, and the understanding that love is not a thing to be possessed, but a thing to be practiced. It is to see love not as something that must be tamed or contained, but as something that is strongest when allowed to move freely, to evolve, to exist without fear.

In the end, the question is not *“How do we keep love?”* but *“How do we continue to choose love?”*

Because it is in the choosing, in the daily, deliberate practice of care, that love not only survives but thrives.

Instinct, Play & Animality in Relationships

For therians, relationships are not just intellectual or emotional constructs; they are embodied, physical, and deeply tied to our instincts. In a society that prioritises productivity over presence, structure over spontaneity, and ownership over organic connection, our way of loving—wild, sensory, and play-driven—is an act of defiance.

To love as a creature is to reject the notion that intimacy must be earned through labor, transaction, or compliance with imposed hierarchies. It is to recognise that bonds form in breath and

without loyalty or love.

This is the truth that civilisation fears: that the untamed are not without bonds, that those who reject the structures of power do not reject community. The wolf does not run alone—it runs with its pack. It does not seek dominion, but it does seek kin. The state demands that we believe survival is an individual struggle, that to live without its rule is to live without order. But the wolf teaches otherwise. It teaches that there is strength in the pack, in the chosen family, in the bonds we create not because we must, but because we desire to.

To run with the wolves is to embrace the wild, to reject human-centric order, and to choose survival through loyalty, not submission. It is to understand that civilisations promise of safety is a lie—because safety bought with subjugation is no safety at all. True security is found in those who would bleed for us, hunt with us, defend us—not because they own us, not because they are bound to us by law or by duty, but because they have chosen us, again and again, beneath the turning sky.

It is a sacred rejection of everything that tells us we must kneel to survive. It is the knowledge that we were never meant to be domesticated. It is the certainty that, no matter how much the world seeks to break us, the wolf in our hearts still remembers the way back to the wild.

The Wolf as a Model for Radical, Anarchic Love

What ties all these traditions together is the rejection of ownership and enforced hierarchy.

The berserkers did not bow to kings—they fought for their own. The wolf-mother of Romulus and Remus did not ask if they belonged to her—she simply ensured they lived.

Wolf cults in history did not see civilisation as an improvement—they saw it as a cage. To live like the wolf is to recognise that love is strongest when it is freely given, that kinship is not dictated by lineage but by choice, and that survival is not meant to be solitary. Wolf cults,

is a warning to every empire, every ruler who believes they can chain the untamed forever. No matter how many bindings they place upon the wild, it will one day rise and break free.

The berserkers of old understood this truth. Among the Norse, these warriors—cloaked in the pelts of wolves and bears, lost in the ecstatic fury of battle—fought not for kings, not for gold, but for the raw and ungoverned spirit of the beast within. The Úlfhednar, the wolf-warriors, were said to take on the very essence of the wolf in combat, moving as a pack, striking with the precision and instinct of hunters. They did not march in ranks like the armies of empire; they did not obey commands like domesticated soldiers.

They fought as creatures of the wild, as something more than men, something beyond civilisations grasp.

Even outside the battlefields, wolf cults persisted in cultures that rejected the rule of emperors and kings. The Dacians, who resisted Rome's conquest for generations, believed themselves to be descended from wolves. Their banners bore the image of a snarling wolf's head, its open jaws swallowing the wind, as if to say: *We are not yours to subdue. We belong to no empire.*

The Mongols, feared across continents for their resistance to the constraints of empire, traced their lineage back to a sacred blue-grey wolf, a creature sent by the sky gods to birth a people who could not be conquered. Their way of life—nomadic, untethered, bound by kinship rather than borders—mirrored that of the wolf. They did not build cities, did not enclose themselves in walls. They moved with the land, with the seasons, with the wisdom of a creature that knows survival is not about submission, but about adaptability and instinct.

Even in early Christianity, where the wolf was often framed as an adversary—something to be cast out, to be hunted or converted—the spectre of the untamed lingered. Saints who withdrew from the world, who sought solitude and contemplation beyond the reach of civilisation, were often said to be accompanied by wolves. St. Francis, who spoke to the birds and lived among animals as kin, was said to have tamed a wolf not through force, but through recognition—through an understanding that to be wild does not mean to be

movement, in the silent language of bodies, in the way a shoulder leans into another without thought, in the answering flick of an ear, in the weight of a familiar body settling beside our own. We love not because we are meant to, not because a contract or a title dictates it, but because our instincts guide us there—because the pull of kinship, of chosen family, of pack or pride or warren, is written into the marrow of our being.

Relationship anarchy, in its purest form, aligns with the animal in us. It refuses the rigid human-centric norms of love and instead embraces bonds shaped by movement, sensation, and the deep knowing of our bodies. We do not need permission to love freely, nor do we require justification for our loyalties. Love does not demand to be tethered to expectation. It thrives in fluidity, in adaptation, in the shared warmth of survival and the electric play of connection.

For some of us, love is not a possession to be hoarded, measured, or ranked. It is a living thing—feral, intuitive, shifting with the seasons of our lives. Some bonds are lifelong, some fleeting, but all are real. To nuzzle against a friend's shoulder, to rest one's head in the lap of a trusted pack-mate, to bite and wrestle in joyous abandon—these are expressions of love as valid as any spoken vow.

In a world that demands we rationalise, quantify, and compartmentalise our relationships, to love as creatures do—to love without shame, without restraint, without the need for definition—is a revolution in itself.

Finding Love and Connection Beyond Productivity

One of the most radical acts in a capitalist world is play. Capitalism demands that love be transactional—defined by commitment, obligation, or measurable “success.” Even in friendships, time together is often scheduled, purposeful, and efficient. But animals do not love like this.

In the wild, play serves many functions: it strengthens bonds, hones instincts, diffuses tension, and communicates trust. Wolves play-

fight to reinforce their connection. Birds perform elaborate dances to express attraction. Primates groom each other not just for hygiene but for comfort, reassurance, and solidarity.

For therians, play is often just as vital as words in forming relationships. Wrestling, running together, roughhousing, biting, or simply rolling in the grass—these acts deepen connection without requiring a verbal script. They build bonds not through obligation, but through joy, touch, and movement.

In polyamorous and anarchic relationships, play can manifest as:

- **Tactile affection:** Mouthing, nuzzling, roughhousing, or simply sitting in physical contact.
- **Exploratory movement:** Running together, climbing, dancing, or engaging in primal body-based activities.
- **Shared instincts:** Engaging in spontaneous acts that prioritise sensation over structure—howling, sniffing, chasing, curling up together.

Love does not have to be productive. It does not have to be proven or justified. It can simply exist in the joy of shared movement.

Too often, relationships are reduced to transactions—love given in exchange for time, commitment weighed against expectation. But this is not the way of creatures. In the natural world, bonds are not defined by possession or permanence; they shift, they evolve, they respond to the needs of the moment. A wolf does not question whether the nuzzle of a pack-mate is “meaningful enough.” A bird does not ask if its song is “deserved.” Affection, trust, and companionship are their own reasons.

To love freely, as creatures do, is to embrace a world beyond human constraint, where touch is not always sexual, where bonds need no labels, where presence is enough. It is to trust that love, in all its wild and shifting forms, is real because it is felt. Because it lingers in scent and sound, in shared breath and the heat of bodies curled close against the cold.

When we return to play, to instinct, to movement, we return to ourselves. We reclaim a way of loving that is older than language, deeper than reason. It is a way of loving that simply *is*.

dressed in wolfskins, ran through the streets, reenacting the vitality and defiance of the creature that had first given the city its strength.

In Norse mythology, the great wolf Fenrir was bound by the gods themselves, not because he was evil, but because he was untameable, unnameable. He was too powerful, too unpredictable, too unwilling to bow. The Aesir feared him not because he sought destruction, but because he could not be controlled. When the gods tried to trick him into submission with false bonds, he knew their deceit and demanded a show of trust—when that trust was broken, he swore vengeance, marking the day of Ragnarök with his inevitable return. Fenrir’s tale



myth of Romulus and Remus, suckled by a she-wolf, the pack has always stood as a model for an alternative way of living—one that exists outside of human hierarchy, outside of ownership, outside of the fragile, transactional relationships that civilisation expects of us.

A Sacred Rejection of Civilization

Wolves have always represented a primal, untamed force—something outside the reach of kings, outside the control of civilisation, something that cannot be broken or made to kneel. Across cultures, wolf cults emerged as both spiritual movements and warrior traditions, embodying the defiance of domestication, the rejection of imposed hierarchy, and the power of kinship beyond blood ties.

To embrace the wolf is to embrace a way of being that does not seek validation from the laws of men. Wolves exist outside the fragile order of empires, outside the rigid expectations of human society, outside the cages built to contain them. They do not recognise borders or rulers, do not pledge fealty to crowns or laws. Instead, their allegiance is to something deeper—something instinctual, something unshackled.

Wherever civilisation has sought to expand, to conquer, to tame, the wolf has remained its counterpoint: the thing that refuses, the thing that resists. To call someone a wolf has long been both an insult and a mark of reverence—a reminder that some creatures cannot be broken, that some will *always* choose the wild over the comfort of chains.

In ancient Rome, a city obsessed with order and dominance, its very foundation myth bore the imprint of the wolf. Romulus and Remus were not raised by statesmen, not baptised in the rites of empire, but suckled at the teats of a she-wolf, nurtured in something older than Rome itself. This was the great paradox of the empire—it built itself on the back of the wolf, but could never fully tame what that legacy represented. The Lupercalia festival, honouring the wolf-mother of Rome's founders, retained its primal energy long after the empire had smothered so many other rites of the wild. Young men,

Communing: Touch, Breath & Sound

Modern human relationships prioritise verbal communication, but for creatures, for therians, words are not always enough.

Many of us instinctively rely on touch, scent, sound, and proximity to communicate. A therian bond might be expressed through:

- **A shared howl**—not just as a release of energy, but as an affirmation: We are here. We are together.
- **Body language cues**—subtle shifts in posture, the way someone leans into another, or the flicker of eye contact.
- **Grooming and closeness**—running fingers through a partner's hair, pressing foreheads together, or engaging in slow, repetitive tactile care.
- **Circling or nuzzling**—a way of checking in, feeling each other's warmth, reaffirming presence without words.
- **Scent memory**—associating safety and familiarity with the way someone smells, the way their presence lingers even in absence.

Just as animals communicate through scent, posture, and sound, therians often find that our deepest connections exist outside of words. Our intimacy comes in the spaces between speech, in the quiet moments where our instincts recognise something ancient and unspoken in another—the way a body knows safety before the mind catches up, breath and movement synchronise without thought.

These unspoken rituals bind us in ways language never could, forging a trust built on sensation rather than articulation. To listen is not always to hear; to speak is not always to use words. It is in the press of bodies against cold nights, the flick of an ear, the answering gaze—silent, yet understood.

Chosen Families and Long-Term Sustainability

Relationship anarchy and polyamory are often framed as ways to break free from rigid societal expectations, to love without hierarchy, and to cultivate deep, autonomous bonds.

But what happens beyond the present moment? Many critiques of non-traditional relationship structures assume they are unstable, temporary, or inherently doomed to dissolve once youthful energy fades, once crisis hits, or once we begin to reckon with the demands of ageing, illness, and long-term survival. These critiques come from several angles:

The Stability Argument: Critics claim that anarchic and polyamorous relationships lack the stability of traditional structures, arguing that without defined roles, obligations, or legal ties, these relationships will inevitably fracture under stress. They suggest that when life becomes difficult—when partners face financial hardship, serious illness, disability, or the exhaustion of age—non-traditional relationships will prove too fragile to endure.

The Commitment Critique: Many equate commitment with exclusivity or rigid, long-term contracts. Relationship anarchy, by rejecting hierarchical models, is often mischaracterised as a refusal to commit at all. Detractors argue that without strict boundaries, there is no true accountability, and without external structures reinforcing responsibility, bonds will weaken over time.

The Social Integration Challenge: Non-traditional relationships face systemic barriers to recognition, both legally and socially. Without institutional acknowledgment—such as marriage benefits, inheritance rights, or healthcare decision-making privileges—critics argue that anarchic relationships remain precarious, always at risk of being disregarded or dismantled by external forces.

The Emotional Sustainability Doubt: Some believe that polyamorous or anarchic bonds require an unsustainable level of emotional labor, that maintaining multiple relationships or decentralising partnership structures leads to burnout and instability. They ask: *Can love, when spread wide, still be as deep?*

But these assumptions ignore a deeper truth: anarchic and polyamorous relationships are not just about rejecting conventional structures but about actively creating new, sustainable ways of living and caring for one another. These critiques operate under the assumption that the nuclear family or monogamous partnership is

Dionysian love is not just about pleasure—it is about undoing the structures that deny us pleasure, that tell us our bodies must serve purposes other than our own joy. It is the rejection of puritanism, of capitalism's insistence that even love must be measured in productivity, that even intimacy must be accounted for. Dionysian love does not ask for recognition, does not seek validation. It spills over, it overflows, it erupts in dance, in sweat, in the electric touch of skin against skin—a love that exists outside of contracts, outside of obligation, outside of fear.

To love like this is to say: I do not belong to anyone. I do not need to be owned to be cherished. I do not need to be caged to be worthy. It is to embrace the divine chaos of desire, to revel in the knowledge that love—true love, wild love—a love like this was never meant to be something domesticated.



Wolf Cults and the Brotherhood of the Pack

Throughout history, the wolf has been revered as a symbol of both chaos and kinship. From the berserkers of Norse legend, who fought with the spirit of wolves in their blood, to the Roman

thing that cannot be held.

To those who follow her, she whispers still: *Run. Run fast, run free. Love fiercely and without permission. Protect your own, and do not wait for the world to understand you. You were never meant to be tamed.*

Dionysian Ecstasy and the Liberation of the Body

If Artemis is the love of the hunt, of loyalty beyond blood, then Dionysus is the love of chaos, of revelry, of the body ungoverned. The Dionysian mysteries were acts of rebellion—orgiastic feasts, dance-driven rituals where hierarchies dissolved, where the boundaries of the self blurred into something communal, something untamed. They were celebrations of ecstasy, of excess, of the raw, animal pulse of life that could not be caged by law or morality.

To enter into Dionysian revelry was to surrender to the chaos of being fully alive, fully embodied, and fully free.

The rites of Dionysus called to those cast out by society—the mad, the wild, the queer, the untamed. His followers were not those who sought power, but those who sought release, those who longed to strip away the rigid expectations of civilisation and return to something elemental, something feral. His Bacchantes, the women who followed him into the hills, did not kneel before kings, did not wait for permission to feel. They tore down the barriers of shame, of restriction, of the smallness imposed upon them.

To partake in Dionysian love is to reject the idea that passion must be confined within rules. It is to say: my love is bigger than what society allows, my body is my own, and I will give it freely where I choose. It is a love that does not ask to be contained, does not apologise for its hunger. It is the wine-drunk laughter of lovers with no claim upon each other but the moment itself, the hands that find one another in the darkness with no fear of possession. It is a love that is neither transactional nor restrained—it is love as surrender, love as communion, love as the ecstatic destruction of every barrier that seeks to make us small.

inherently more durable, yet history has shown that even these models are far from unbreakable. Divorce rates, familial estrangement, and the isolation of the elderly in nuclear households suggest that conventional structures do not guarantee longevity or security.

For therians, anarchists, and polycules, chosen families are not a fallback—they are our survival strategy, our resistance to a system that would leave us isolated and unprotected. Rather than viewing relationship anarchy as inherently unstable, we recognise that its fluidity is precisely what makes it adaptable, capable of weathering change and crisis without relying on rigid, prescriptive roles.

The question is not whether relationship anarchy can be sustainable, but how we ensure its longevity against external pressures. We do this by:

Building interdependence, not dependency: We cultivate bonds that encourage support without coercion, that allow for movement and change while still providing care and security.

Developing mutual aid networks: We do not rely on institutions to dictate our worth or our access to care; instead, we create support systems that prioritise the needs of our kin.

Redefining commitment: We recognise that commitment is not about ownership, but about intentional, ongoing care. We do not need monogamous frameworks to prove our devotion—our love is measured in presence, in action, in the ways we continue to choose each other.

Challenging legal and social barriers: We advocate for new structures of recognition—cohabitation rights, expanded healthcare access, and legal protections that reflect the diversity of our bonds.

Ultimately, I feel that the sustainability of relationship anarchy is not a question of whether it *can* last, but of whether we are willing to imagine and build a world where love is not bound by our ingrained slavish relationship to transactionality and property ownership, to ingrained obligation, or hierarchy.

And for many of us, that world is not just possible—it is already here, woven into the way we live, love, and care for one another every day. We are already building our futures whether we like it or not.

Building Structures That Last

It is easy to romanticise the early years of an anarchic collective—the freedom, the fluidity, the joy of relationships unburdened by legal ties or state validation. But as we age, as our bodies shift, as life throws new and unpredictable challenges our way, how do we ensure that our chosen families and relationships continue to thrive?

Sustainability in anarchic relationships requires intentional community-building beyond the immediacy of love and desire. This means:

- **Creating long-term agreements** not contracts of ownership, but discussions about future needs, shared responsibilities, and collective visions.
- **Diversifying support networks** ensuring that care, finances, and emotional labor are not resting disproportionately on any one person or relationship.
- **Building intergenerational continuity**—mentoring younger anarchists, therians, and polyamorous individuals so that the network extends beyond a single cohort.

What separates a sustainable anarchic collective from a temporary experiment is the willingness to build with time in mind. If relationship anarchy is to be more than a youthful rebellion, it must be a practice that grows with us, that adapts to age, that holds us in our weakest moments as well as our strongest.

Resisting Fragmentation: Legal, Financial, and Political Survival

One of the most significant challenges to chosen families is that our bonds are rarely recognised by the state. Traditional family structures receive institutional support through inheritance laws, hospital visitation rights, financial benefits, and housing stability. Those of us who reject these structures are often left with no formal protections, no legal claim to those we love, and no safety net.

those who refused to be owned. The lost, the outcast, the wild-hearted she gathered them, not as subjects, not as followers, but as kin. To stand beneath her moon was to stand ungoverned, unyielding, a creature of instinct and sovereignty. In her shadow, women were not brides, not vessels, not chattel to be traded and bartered, but something sharper, something swifter, something unafraid. She did not teach them to kneel; she taught them to run.

Her love was the love of the pack—uncompromising, primal, an unspoken promise written in blood and breath. To be chosen by Artemis was to be defended with tooth and claw, to be fought for with the ferocity of a wolf protecting its own. She did not teach love as submission; she taught love as kinship, love as shared survival. To love as Artemis loves is to say: *I will walk beside you, not in front of you or behind you. I will fight for you, not because I am bound by a vow, but because I choose you, again and again, beneath the turning sky.*

And those who sought to take from her, who sought to impose order on the untamed—she hunted them in turn. Those who tried to trap her in their world of walls and rules found themselves at the mercy of the wild. Actaeon, who sought to claim a glimpse of her sacred self, was torn apart by his own hounds. Orion, who thought he could possess her, fell to his death, struck down by the very forces he had sought to command. Artemis did not suffer those who would turn the free into the bound.

But Artemis' love was not only for warriors and hunters. She was the goddess of the young, the protector of the vulnerable, the shield to those who had nowhere else to turn. The ones cast out—orphans, the exiled, the wounded—found sanctuary in her domain. She was not a mother, but she mothered those who needed it, not with soft hands, but with the steel of knowing they deserved to live, to be safe, to be wild. She gave them teeth when the world tried to take them.

Her love was not easy, nor was it safe. It was the love of the wilderness, of the wolf pack, of the moonlit hunt. It was the love of those who would die for each other before they would be tamed. To stand in her circle, to run in her woods, was to know that love is not a gilded cage—it is a snarl in the throat of the world, a defiance, a wild

the approval of church or state to find their mate; they dance, they build, they return to one another year after year, carried not by obligation but by instinct. Among us, among therians, among those who refuse to sever love from nature, this truth still lingers: love is not given—it *is*.

And yet, the world would have us forget. It would have us believe that love is a transaction, a status, a privilege bestowed by outside the state. That it must be justified, regulated and palatable. That it must be contained within forms deemed acceptable—husband and wife, sanctioned and notarised, recognised and safe. Anything else, they tell us, is foolish, reckless, doomed. And yet, the old stories say otherwise.

They tell us that love is most powerful when it is ungoverned, when it is chosen again and again, not because it must be, but because it *wants* to be. That the bonds we forge beyond the reach of convention—the friendships deeper than blood, the packs we run with, the lovers we take, the kin we claim—are just as real, just as enduring, as any law-bound union.

And so we remember. We reclaim what was always ours. We let our love be what it was meant to be: a wild thing, a living thing, a force untethered and undeniable. We howl it to the moon, carve it into the bones of our lives, pass it down in breath and ink. Because love, the love that shapes worlds and shakes foundations, does not need permission to exist. It only needs to be felt. And once felt, it cannot be taken away.

Artemis and Her Huntresses

Artemis, the untamed, the eternal sister of the wolves, refused the laws of men. She and her huntresses roamed the forests, swearing off marriage, rejecting the idea that their lives should be dictated by a man's claim. Instead, they forged their own pack, their own order outside the structures of civilisation. They hunted, they ran, they howled beneath the moon, and their love was not soft or gentle, but fierce, protective, and free.

She was not merely a goddess of the hunt—she was a guardian of

If we are to sustain relationship anarchy in the face of this reality, we must develop our own resilience strategies:

- **Community housing and co-ownership models**—so that chosen family members cannot be easily evicted or displaced if one member passes away or moves.
- **Shared financial resources and mutual aid**—to prevent economic instability dissolving relationships through hardship.
- **Legal workarounds**—power of attorney agreements, co-parenting arrangements, collective decision-making documents to ensure that state interference does not erase our relationships in times of crisis.

A key part of this survival is resisting isolation and fragmentation. Many polycules and anarchic collectives struggle under external pressures—economic stress, housing instability, state violence, or even interpersonal conflict. The state, capitalism, and traditional relationship models all rely on dividing us, making us feel like our relationships are fragile or unserious. The best resistance is fortifying our bonds against these forces—by creating systems that are flexible yet enduring, by having structures in place before crisis comes.

Anarchy as a Lifelong Commitment, Not Just a Rejection

Sustainability is the ultimate test of relationship anarchy. It is easy to reject the state, to reject hierarchy, to reject capitalist love. But rejection is only the first step. The real work is in building something that lasts.

Chosen families, polyamorous packs, and therian collectives cannot be temporary refuges from a broken system—we must be active creators of something better. That means:

- **Committing to each other beyond convenience.** Love and care do not end when things get difficult.
- **Investing in the long-term infrastructure of our communities.** Housing, finances, legal protections—these things are not “unromantic”; they are necessary for survival.
- **Creating intergenerational continuity.** The knowledge we

build must be passed on, must be shared, must be kept alive.

Anarchy is not just about burning down the old world. It is about making sure we have something stronger, wilder, and more just to take its place. Our love, our packs, our chosen families—they will not be temporary. They will endure.

Where Are the Elders in Our Queer Communities? A Precious Resource, Lost and Reclaimed

In every strong community, elders are the keepers of our histories, the ones who hold the wisdom of past struggles, who carry the maps of where we have been and how we have survived. But where are the elders in our queer communities? Where are the guides, the storytellers, the ones who have weathered the storms before us?

For so many of us, especially queer, trans, and anarchist folk, the structures that would normally sustain intergenerational knowledge have been severed. Unlike in many traditional cultures, where elders are revered and their wisdom sought out, our communities have been fragmented by systemic violence, by the erasure of queer histories, by the deliberate breaking of lineage. The AIDS crisis robbed us of entire generations of queer elders, leaving behind gaps in knowledge that should have been passed down. Family rejection forced many elders into isolation, cut off from younger generations who desperately needed their guidance. Capitalism forces our elders to keep working long past the point where they should be supported by their communities, leaving them exhausted and unseen.

And so, we find ourselves without enough of the storytellers, without the archivists of experience, without the ones who should be there to tell us: *Yes, we have been here before. Yes, we have fought this fight before. Yes, you are not alone, and here is how we made it through.*

Without elders, we are forced to reinvent the wheel, to relearn survival strategies that should have been passed down. Without elders, we are left vulnerable to despair, to the feeling that every battle is new,

Ungoverned Love in Myth & Legend

The old stories remember what the modern world tries to make us forget: love that is untamed, unruly, and ferocious is not just possible, but powerful. Before love was turned into property, before it was confined to contracts and state-sanctioned unions, it was something wild, something fluid, something sacred in its own right.

The myths that have endured—the ones whispered around fires, carved into stone, and passed down in breath and ink—are not stories of tidy, controlled affections. They are stories of passion, of defiance, of lovers who refuse to be tamed by the rules imposed upon them. They remind us that love, in its oldest and truest forms, does not belong to kings or priests or bureaucracies. It belongs to those who feel it, those who claim it, those who fight for it even when the world tells them they cannot.

Long before love was a ledger entry, a dowry paid, or a name signed in ink, it was a force that shaped fates and shattered empires. It was Orpheus descending into the underworld, unwilling to accept death as the end of devotion. It was Artemis and Callisto, bound by something deeper than blood, even as the world sought to tear them apart. It was Achilles and Patroclus, their bond burning bright beyond the reach of mortal constraints, defying the very gods in its intensity. It was lovers who changed the course of history, who challenged the laws of their time, who made the heavens themselves take notice.

And it was not only in grand, tragic myths that love ran wild—it was in the quiet moments of companionship, the stolen glances in crowded courts, the hands reaching for each other in the dark. It was in the kinships formed on the battlefield, in the chosen families that wove themselves together outside the reach of law. It was in the primal knowing of another's breath, another's heartbeat, another's scent carried on the wind.

Love, before it was bound, was something creatures understood without question. Wolves do not sign contracts to affirm their loyalty; they sleep pressed together in the cold, they hunt side by side, they mourn their lost with howls that echo into the night. Birds do not seek

that we are forced to start from scratch, learning through pain what could have been passed down with tenderness. I want my kindness, my compassion, my belief in chosen family and wild, ungoverned love to be the foundation for something stronger, something that does not have to be rebuilt every generation.

This is my offering: my words, my stories, my howls into the night, my acts of care that I hope ripple outward, reaching those who come after me. I do not need monuments or titles. I need only this: that when the world is cruel, you remember kindness. That when fear creeps in, you choose love. That when power tries to divide you, you link arms, share food, hold each other close, and refuse to be broken apart.

Because love is not just what happens between us now—it is what we build to sustain those who come after. And if I am remembered for anything, let it be this: that I loved, fiercely and without apology. That I chose care over cruelty, generosity over greed. That I was part of something bigger than myself.

And that you can be too.

Myth, Spirituality, and the Sacredness of Wild Love

Love, in its most primal form, is not a transaction. It is not an obligation, a contract, or a duty owed. Love—deep, instinctual, feral love—is an act of recognition, a force that binds creatures together in defiance of the cold mechanics of power and oppression. It is the song of the pack, the fire-lit revelry of the huntresses, the ecstatic, wine-drenched worship of gods who refuse to be tamed.

To love without ownership, to live without subjugation, to forge kinship not out of duty but from the wild and unshaken knowledge that we belong to each other—this is a thing of myth, a defiant, untamed truth that echoes through history. It is the fire passed hand to hand, the whispered vow beneath moonlit skies, the fierce bond that no empire can sever. *All things of myth are sacred*, enduring, and unbreakable, woven into all of those who refuse to be tamed.

that we are fighting alone, that we are without roots. Without elders, we risk losing the sacred lessons of resistance, of communal survival, of queer joy that stretches beyond the immediate, the instantly gratifying—and into the timeless.

But elders are still here. They are in our communities, often unseen, often disconnected from the networks of younger queers who would benefit from their presence. Many are in isolation, having outlived friends and partners, with no clear way to reach back into a younger generation that does not always know how to ask for their wisdom. Others have been dismissed by the very communities they helped build—seen as outdated, as relics of a past that younger radicals believe they have moved beyond. And some, wounded by past betrayals, choose not to return, tired of explaining themselves to a world that has already taken too much.

If we are to build a queer future that lasts, one that is not just about survival in the present but about creating something lasting and interwoven, we must repair these broken connections. We must seek out our elders, uplift them, learn from them. We must create spaces where their knowledge is honoured—not in a way that idolises the past uncritically, but in a way that allows us to build from it, to expand upon it, to avoid the mistakes of those who came before while carrying forward what they did right.

We must ask: *How do we hold space for those who have held space for us? How do we ensure that no elder dies in isolation, no ancestor is forgotten before their wisdom has been passed down?*

This is not just about respect—it is about survival. Elders are a precious resource. They have seen things we have not yet seen, have fought battles we have only begun to understand. They know the rhythms of oppression, the ways it cycles back, disguised but familiar. They have strategies, histories, lived experiences that can guide us through what is coming.

And for the younger ones, we must also ask: *How do we prepare to become the elders of the future? How do we ensure that this knowledge does not end with us, that we are not another generation lost to silence?*

It starts with seeking each other out. With offering care—not as an

afterthought, but as an integral part of how we structure our communities. With remembering that wisdom does not fade with age, but deepens. With ensuring that we, too, will not be discarded when our hair turns grey and our bodies slow.

A pack without elders is a pack without memory. A pack without memory is a pack that will struggle to survive. Let us rebuild this lost lineage, let us honour the wisdom that still exists among us, let us refuse to let another generation of queers grow old and invisible. Because love is not just what happens between us now—it is what we build to sustain those who come after.

Caretaking & End-of-Life Support in the Absence of State Recognition

One of the hardest questions anarchists and polyamorous communities must face is who takes care of us when we can no longer care for ourselves? Traditional society assumes that nuclear families—spouses, biological children, legal relatives—will fill this role. But for many of us, these structures do not exist.

So, we must create new ones.

Caring for one another in illness, in disability, and at the end of life requires a cultural shift in how we think about responsibility and collective care:

- **Elder care and disability support must be planned**, not improvised. Who provides care? How do we prevent burnout in caregivers? What communal resources exist for long-term support?
- **Inheritance and legacy** must be structured outside of traditional family lines. How do we ensure that chosen family members have rights to housing, possessions, and financial assets without interference from the state or estranged legal relatives?
- **Medical and end-of-life decision-making** must be decentralised but intentional. Who speaks for us when we cannot speak for ourselves? How do we ensure that our wishes are respected when we are no longer able to advocate for them?

things must not die with me. They must be carried forward, transformed, made useful, turned into something that strengthens those who come next.

We are all part of a lineage, even if that lineage is not tied by blood. We inherit the wisdom of those who came before us, and we shape the future for those who will follow. The stories we tell, the memories we share, the histories we choose to document—these are not just reflections of the past. They are weapons, they are shields, they are offerings to those who will one day stand where we stand now.

And so, we must ask ourselves: What will we leave behind? How will we ensure that our movements, our loves, our ways of being in the world, do not vanish when we do? The answer is in the telling, in the recording, in the building of rituals and archives and shared traditions. It is in the commitment to keep remembering, to keep speaking, to keep howling our truths into the night. Because memory is resistance. And as long as our stories are still being told, we will never truly be gone.

My Love as My Legacy: A Guide for Those Who Follow

I am an elder. Not because of years alone, but because I have lived, because I have fought, because I have loved in ways the world told me I shouldn't. I have survived the brutal lessons of history, and I refuse to let those lessons be forgotten. I do not want my life's work to fade into memory, another story lost to time. I want my love to be my legacy.

Love is not just something I have given in fleeting moments—it is something I have practiced, shaped, and built with intention, day after day. It is a love that has been tested, that has endured, that has remained even when the world tried to tell me it was impossible. Now, I want my love to last beyond me, not as nostalgia, but as a guide.

I do not want us to slide back. I do not want us to wake up one day to find that the lessons of struggle, of solidarity, of care have been lost,

ritual, through community, through the intentional act of keeping memory alive.

To build radical oral histories, we must create spaces where stories are told and retold, where younger generations don't just hear the words but internalise them, act upon them, make them part of their own survival. We must sit together and share—not just the victories but the failures, not just the moments of defiance but the moments of loss, the times we were almost broken and the ways we stitched ourselves back together. We must name the people who shaped us, the lovers and fighters, the quiet caretakers and the loud troublemakers, those who stood in the streets and those who nursed the wounded in the aftermath.

Every story passed down is an act of protection, a tether connecting us to the ones who made it possible for us to be here at all. But memory cannot survive in speech alone. It must be anchored in the tangible, in artefacts, in rituals, in documentation that refuses to be erased.

We must write zines that hold our knowledge, record conversations that capture the voices of our elders, build community archives that preserve what the state would rather see disappear. The histories of queer anarchist resistance, of therian belonging, of chosen families and packs and polyamorous lineages—these are histories that need to be actively kept.

This is not just for sentimentality, but for *strategy*, for survival, for ensuring that the generations after us don't have to start from scratch every time the world turns against us.

As an elder, I think about my own role in this, about what it means to be someone who holds memories that could be lost if I do not pass them on. I want my love to be my legacy, but also my knowledge, my kindness, my insistence that we do not let ourselves slide backward into forgetting.

I do not want the work we have done to be erased, to be something that has to be rediscovered again and again because we failed to leave the next generation the tools they need. What I know, what I have lived, what I have fought for and suffered through—these

In many ways, these questions are not new. Queer communities, marginalised groups, and radical collectives have long been forced to develop alternative care structures in the absence of state support. The HIV/AIDS crisis forced queer communities to build their own medical support networks. Mutual aid has long sustained those excluded from mainstream healthcare.

The difference now is in recognising that this work is ongoing, that it does not end simply because the crisis feels far away. We must be proactive, not reactive.

Grief and Loss in Pack Structures: Holding Each Other Through the Dark

Every community, every pack, every chosen family must eventually face loss. It is inevitable. Love does not make us immortal, nor does solidarity shield us from grief. And yet, in a world that teaches us to process loss through isolation—through individual mourning, through the nuclear family's closed doors, through silence—what does it mean to grieve in a way that strengthens, rather than fragments, our communities?

Death, Departure, and the Breaking of Bonds

Loss takes many forms. The most final, the most brutal, is death—a reality that so many of us must face without the traditional safety nets of legal next-of-kin, of state recognition, of inherited structures of care. But loss does not always come in death. Sometimes, bonds fray. Sometimes, people leave. A lover who once felt like home chooses another path. A polycule shifts. A friendship fades. And in a world that prioritises possessive permanence over fluid, evolving love, we are often told that these losses mark failure rather than change.

But the truth is, grief is not something to be “moved on” from. It

is something to be moved with. It reshapes us, but it does not have to hollow us out. The death of a pack member does not erase the pack, nor does the ending of a relationship undo the love that once existed within it. The question is: how do we hold space for that? How do we let grief strengthen our bonds rather than isolate us?

Grieving as a Collective Act

Mainstream society tells us that grief is a personal journey, that we should handle it privately, behind closed doors, emerging “healed” after an acceptable mourning period. But animals grieve together. Elephants return to the bones of their dead, touching them with their trunks, remembering. Crows gather around a fallen member, calling out, holding vigil. Wolves howl for their lost.

What would it look like to grieve like this? To make mourning a shared ritual rather than a solitary burden? To not only allow, but expect, the pack to carry loss together?

- **Collective Mourning Rituals:** When we lose a member of our pack, we must grieve as a pack. This can mean gathering in a shared space, recounting stories, lighting candles, howling into the night—marking the loss in a way that says, “You mattered. We remember you. You are still with us.
- **Physical Remembrance:** Wearing a lost loved one’s clothing, carrying something of theirs with us, dedicating a space in the home or in nature to their memory—these acts tie grief to tangible presence.
- **Mutual Support Networks:** No one should mourn alone. When one of us is grieving, we should rally around them—not just in the immediate aftermath, but in the months and years that follow. Checking in, holding space, recognising that grief does not expire.

What Do We Do With Love That Has Nowhere to Go?

One of the hardest parts of loss is the love that remains. When someone dies, when a partner leaves, when a friendship dissolves, the care we once gave them does not simply vanish. So where does it go?

- **Turning Grief Into Care:** The love we have for those we’ve lost can be transformed into care for the living. When we feed someone, when we hold a friend, when we build something lasting in the name of those who are gone, we ensure their impact does not fade.
- **Honouring the Bonds That Remain:** After loss, it is tempting to retreat, to isolate, to believe that loving again is too dangerous, too painful. But to love is to resist fear. To choose community even after loss is to honour those who have left us—not by closing ourselves off, but by continuing to live, to love, to build.

Loss is not the end of the pack. It is a wound, but not a death sentence. The howl of one becomes the howl of many. We hold each other through the dark.

Intergenerational Memory & Storytelling as Resistance

Stories are more than just words—they are survival. They are the maps left behind by those who walked before us, the trails through history that show us how to endure, how to fight, how to love fiercely and without compromise.

In queer, anarchist, and therian communities, our histories are often erased, fragmented, or deliberately buried. The state does not keep records of those it wishes to forget. Elders pass without their knowledge written down, movements rise and fall without their wisdom being preserved, and too often, we find ourselves having to learn the same lessons over and over again, because the past was never handed to us intact.

But intergenerational memory is resistance. It is the refusal to let our stories be erased, the insistence that our lives, our struggles, and our victories must be remembered—not just as nostalgia, but as blueprints for the future. Oral traditions have always been a form of defiance, especially among those whose histories were denied or criminalised.

Before archives, before books, before the internet, we carried our stories in our bodies, in our songs, in the way we made love, in the way we buried our dead, in the way we marked time and gathered together. And this is how we must carry them forward still—through